The DESCRIPTION of the Singers of *Israel*, or the Family of Love, in a Song of ZION.

The Tune of *Flora farewell, or False Lover.*

THE Sweet Singers of Israel
and Family of perfect Love,
Are such as are redeem'd from
Hell,
and they do live in God above.

Though some have writ and printed Lies,
they cannot move us from our place,
Nor any thing they can devise,
can make us fear to shew our face.

We are redeemed from all Lust,
all Covetousness, Envy and Pride,
And I do know they are accurst,
that do us mock or have beli'd,

In their false Papers, that they dare
not shew their name or dwelling place:
But we that on God cast our care,
do not mind evil mens Disgrace.

If we break any of their laws,
we crave not favour at their hands,
Though they do lay on us their claws,
we know that we do God's Commands:

For we in deed and truth do love,
and not in words, as many do,
Those that us hate, or smite or shove,
our Friend and eke our greatest Foe.

How dare you make a mock of Love,
or speak against the Singers sweet?
Have you not read its God above
who in his wrath can with you meet.

Instead of singing you may houl,
and not rejoice with Israel,
Because you seek us to controul,
in darkness you are like to dwell;

Untill you heartily repent,
and find true love to set you free,
To punish you the Lord is bent,
mine eye is open this to see.

The God of this World doth you blind
that you cannot look up to heaven,
There's so much malice in your mind,
You ready are to stone a *Stephen*;

Because he stedfastly can look
into the place where God doth dwell,
You cannot his true sayings brook,
Your envy doth keep you in Hell.

You charge us with Debauchery,
and very many, and gross evils,
But those that come us for to try,
shall find that you are lying Devils.

God hath created us a-new,
and Love his Son hath us redeemed,
And we love all both Turk and Jew,
though by them we are not esteemed.

Our Enemies they do confess,
John Taylor is the head Bell-Wether,
That is, a strong sheep, I do confess,
Abel to ring the weak together.

They also call me the *Bell-damm*,
which is also a good strong sheep,
I do confess I love the LAMB,
the which will make the Goats to weep

God will the Sheep and Goats divide,
and unto them this sentence give,
The Sheep shall stand on his right side,
and in true joy and peace shall live.

But for the Goats, they shall depart
into the Lake that's called Hell,
Where they shall feel great pain and
smart,
because on us such lies they tell.

Then learn each one to speak the Truth
that lying may not so abound;
But know thy Lord the guid of youth,
least in great sorrow you be drownd.

For he will not long mocked be,
with *Pharisees* that long do pray,
Nor fearful Hypocrites, I see,
for all their speaking Yea or Nay.

They are the worst Lyars of all,
for I have tryed every sort.
They are fullest of guil and gall,
and on true Folk do lies report.

But they shall reap what they have sow'd,
a crop of Persecution,
And out of Gods mouth shall be spew'd,
in sudden dissolution.

And those that have a name to live,
and sing others experience,
A bittet cup God will them give,
that know not true deliverance.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his People, not from Lace and Ribbons, but from Pride and Covetousness which is Idolatry. Hallelujah. *Elizabeth Rone.*

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